Shy. For three moneths, well.
Baſſ. For the which as I told you,
Anthonio ſhall be bound.
Shy. *Anthonio* ſhall become bound, well.
Baſſ. May you ſtead me? Will you pleaſure me?
Shall I know your anſwere?
Shy. Three thouſand ducats for three moneths,
and *Anthonio* bound.
Baſſ. Your anſwere to that.
Shy. *Anthonio* is a good man.
Baſſ. Haue you heard any imputation to the contrary?
Shy. Ho no, no, no, no: my meaning in ſaying hee is a good man, is to haue you vnderſtand me, that he is ſufficient, yet his meanes are in ſuppoſition: he hath an Argoſie bound to *Tripolis*, another to the *Indies*, I vnderſtand moreouer vpon the Ryalta, he hath a third at *Mexico*, a fourth for *England*, & other ventures he hath ſquandred abroad, but ſhips are but boards, Saylers but men; there be land rats, and water rats, water theeues, and land theeues, I meane Pyrats, and then there is the perill of waters, windes, and rockes: the man is not withſtanding ſufficient, three thouſand ducats, I thinke I may take his bond.
Baſſ. Be aſſured you may.
Shy. I will be aſſured I may: and that I may be aſſured, I will bethinke me, may I ſpeake with *Anthonio*?
Baſſ. If it pleaſe you to dine with vs.
Shy. Yes, to ſmell porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the *Nazarite* coniured the diuell into: I will buy with you, ſell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and ſo following: but I will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you. What newes on the Ryalto, who is he comes heere?

Enter Anthonio.

Baſſ. This is ſignior *Anthonio.*
Shy. How like a fawning Publican he lookes.
I hate him for he is a Chriſtian:

But more, for that in lowe ſimplicity
He lends out mony gratis, and brings downe
The rate of vſance heere with vs in *Venice.*
If I can catch him once vpon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I beare him.
He hates our ſacred Nation, and he rayles
Euen there where Merchants moſt do congregate,
On me, my bargaines, and my well-won thrift,
Which he cals intereſt: Curſed be my Tribe
If I forgiue him.
Baſſ. *Shylocke*, do you heare.
Shy. I am debating of my preſent ſtore,
And by the neere gueſſe of my memory,
I cannot inſtantly raiſe vp the groſſe
Of full three thouſand ducats: what of that?
Tuball, a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe,
Will furniſh me; but ſoft, how many months
Doe you deſire? Reſt you faire good Signior,
Your worſhip was the laſt man in our mouthes.
Ant. *Shylocke*, although I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking nor by giuing of exceſſe,
Yet to ſupply the ripe wants of my friend,
Ile breake a cuſtome: are you reſolu'd,
How much he would haue?
Shy. I, I, three thouſand ducats.
Ant. And for three moneths.
Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me ſo.
Well then, your bond: and let me ſee, but heare you,
Me-thought you ſaid, you neither lend nor borrow
Vpon aduantage.
Ant. I do neuer vſe it.
Shy. When *Iacob* graz'd his Vnckle *Labans* ſheepe,
This *Iacob* from our holy *Abram* was
(As his wiſe Mother wrought in his behalfe)
The third poſſeſſer; I, he was the third.
Ant. And what of him, did he take intereſt?